

It Will Get Them Through

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Summary: Two sick brothers on a late-night supply run, unintentionally, leave a powerful impact on the owner of a small variety store. Weechesters. Teenchesters. One-shot. Caring/Sick/Sam and Sick/Big Brother/Dean. Brotherly-feels galore.

It Will Get Them Through

Note: Are most writer's one-shots nearly 5,000 words long? Is this normal? Anyways, I'm thinking this fic takes place shortly after Dean's 16th bday.

Side Note: It was pointed out to me that this fic is similar to "Wrong Time, Wrong Place" by TiTivillus (I promise I am not a copy-cat, didn't know about this fic until after I posted mine - I would never copy someone else's work, I don't have that kind of time on my hands.) So anyways, if you like this one, you should also go check out that one!

* * *

><p>It was another night.<p>

Another night that was exactly like every damn night before it.

It was cold and rainy and miserable, and I was too old for this shit.

Too old to be working the night shift. Too old to be working at some shitty convenience store. Hell, I was nearly too old to be working period.

I was the owner of the damn joint and still ended up stuck with the crappy shifts.

I had originally hired my nephew on to take the overnights. The

twenty-two year old was a bit of a wanderer, he was also broke as dirt with nothing but a high school diploma to his name; and my sister had pleaded with me to give the kid a job. He was trustworthy and young enough to work from eleven at night until seven in the morning.

However, after less than six months, the kid decided to get motivated and took his ass to college.

I was pretty sure that had been my sister's plan all along. She knew that just a few months of working in this dive was exactly what her son needed to get his ass in gear.

That little bugger's newfound pursuit of higher education, left me one man down. I had a couple other employees, but one of them was a parent so nights were not good for her, and the other was some teenage punk that I wouldn't trust alone all night in my store.

I had placed the _Help Wanted_ sign up on the door, but it was hard to find competent, trustworthy help in this deadbeat town.

A few more night shifts like this one, and I was going to screw having a comfortable retirement and sell this damn place for the few pennies it would be worth.

If my wife was still alive, she would be swatting my head and telling me to '_stop being so bloody negative, Richard. It's not the end of the world.' _

I grimaced at the recollection of the woman I had spent over half my life with, and the reminder that she was no longer by my side

My reflective grief was interrupted by the shrill ring that sounded out whenever the door was opened.

I glanced up from the newspaper spread out before me, unsurprised to see another member of the typical night clientele.

It was about two in the morning, and the only people who came around the small variety store at this time of night were either addicts, teenage miscreants, or homeless; sometimes all three.

This one looked very much like most of the teenage thugs that prowled around this time of night. His skin was pale and he had dark circles under his eyes, which was often an indication of some form or substance abuse. He dressed as though he were older than his young face suggested he was, and he was also surprisingly tall for a teenager.

He was wearing clothes that were too big for him, probably in an attempt to appear larger than he really was. He had on a leather jacket that didn't fit him properly, but it was likely some gang-affiliated dress code. There were lots of gangs around here and all the members always had matching handkerchiefs or jackets, or something equally pathetic.

I glanced out the window and what I saw there further confirmed my assumptions.

The vehicle was a classic, and far too impressive for some thug to be

driving, unless the kid had stolen it, off of some heard-working middle class man no doubt.

The only thing that seemed to be unique about this particular gangster, was that he actually didn't come off as particularly aggressive.

Confident? Yes.

Authoritative? Strangely so.

Rough around the edges? One hundred percent.

But not aggressive.

He didn't glare at me upon entering, daring me to stop him from stealing whatever the hell he was after. He simply ran a hand through his rain-soaked hair as his green eyes â€" a vibrant shade, at that â€" went immediately to the products, scanning the shelves for something specific.

He didn't walk with a self-important swagger like most of the hooligans, actually his gate was more that of an exhausted young man, instead of a teenager who had something to prove.

It didn't escape me how often the kid would glance out at his car. Not that I could blame him, though I had only spared the vehicle a brief glimpse, it was enough to know that it was a nice ride, and leaving it unattended in a neighbourhood such as this one, was definitely quite a risk.

I observed him subtly from behind the counter, as he wandered the aisles, pulling something from the shelf every now and again.

The items he was collecting were peculiar to say the least, not at all what a boy â€" who couldn't have been a day over seventeen â€" would normally be purchasing.

By the time the young man made it up to the register, he had accumulated an interesting collection of goods; orange juice, cough syrup, throat lozenges, granola bars, apple sauce, beef jerky, and a large sweater, which brought back far too many memories.

My wife had insisted a few years ago that we keep some clothing in stock, I had disagreed, but the woman had ordered them anyways. She got a bunch of green sweaters with the state written across the front in bold letters, as if people would need to be reminded they were in Michigan. I had constantly complained about how long it took to get rid of them, but no matter, she would send out for more as soon as they were finally gone. Brenda had insisted that it was important to stock warm clothes when living in such a cold state. I had pointed out to her that they were more often stolen than bought, but her response had always been the same: '_If someone needs such a dull sweater that badly, than they must be terribly cold, and it is only right they should have it.' _ I disagreed then, and I still do now, but since her passing I could not for the life of me stop putting in orders for the damn things.

I began scanning the items, my fingers shaking ever-so-slightly as I held the sweater for a moment.

' 'You need a bag?" I questioned gruffly.

"No, I'm good."

The teen's voice was rough, as was the cough he muffled in his jacket after speaking. If it hadn't been for the complete lack of tobacco smell or the cough syrup that I had just scanned, I would have assumed the young man was a smoker.

The necessity for the sweater was also made obvious by the shiver I watched go through the tall frame. I wasn't surprised the kid was cold, he had nothing but a thin t-shirt on under his jacket; he clearly wasn't from around here. Michigan was not the type of state where you could get away with only wearing two layers at the beginning of February. The snow had just melted last week.

"Twenty-eight dollars, and thirty-seven cents."

The mask of indifference that had been firmly set on the teen's face slid out of place for a moment, as a frown pulled at his lips. He pulled a small stack of bills from his pocket, fingering through them before clenching them up in his hand. His calculating gaze swept over the products spread out before him, his hand reached out and skimmed over the sweater, his expression very near longing for a moment, before he schooled his features and swiftly slid the clothing to the side.

"Just these." He stated, gesturing to the remaining objects.

I assessed the young man in front of me, frowning as he failed to conceal yet another shiver.

"You sure? You'd probably have enough if you left the apple sauce and granola bars behind, or the orange juice and the apple sauce." I suggested, recognizing that the cough syrup and sweater were what the hacking and shivering teenager appeared to require most urgently.

He didn't give it a moment's thought, just gave his head a dismissive shake.

"He hasn't eaten at all today and all the water bottles in the car froze right through. He needs the food and the juice."

I was about to inquire as to who '_he_' was and why the hell he couldn't buy his own food, but was distracted by the ring of the opening door.

It was a kid.

Young " looked to be about ten, maybe eleven " and absolutely miserable.

He appeared impossibly small and skinny, sporting a hoodie that swallowed him up and draped down to his knees.

His hair was shaggy and wet, hanging down in front of his pale face.

Before I could ask the kid what the hell he was doing here, or "better yet " what the hell he was doing up and wandering around alone at this time of night, he spoke.

"De."

I had thought the teen's voice was gravelly, but it was nothing compared to the younger boy's.

The poor kid sounded absolutely wrecked.

His brother reacted instantaneously, spinning around and rushing toward the child, before I could even blink.

He crouched down in front of the young boy, swiping the dripping bangs off the side of his forehead, uncovering a pair of big hazel eyes.

"What are you doing here?" The teen questioned.

"You were taking so long. I was worried." The small voice croaked.

"I told you I had to pick up some stuff, buddy."

The younger lad opened his mouth as though he were going to make a response, but all that came out was a hacking cough that sounded painful and viciously rattled the small body.

"Hey, whoah kiddo, take it easy. Take it easy." The older one soothed, wrapping his arm around the little boy and patting his back, as his other hand rubbed his chest in a soothing motion.

The boy's small fingers latched on to the front of his brother's t-shirt and he held on until the fit finally came to an end, at which point he slumped forward and dropped his head onto the teen's shoulder.

"Damnit, little brother. You should have stayed in the car like I told you to." The older boy scolded, although his words held no threat, but rather sympathy.

"Sorry, Dean." The kid's voice was so hoarse I almost wasn't able to make out the simple words.

"S'okay, dude. I'm sorry for taking so long, but just stay in the car and keep warm next time."

The boy nodded obediently, but didn't lift his head from the broad shoulder that was supporting it. He shuffled even closer to the teen, his skinny limbs shaking from cold as he curled into the older boy, as though he sought warmth or comfort, probably both.

The teenager " Dean, I suppose was his name " was not the least bit put off by heat-seeking child, he wasted no time in pulling the boy into his chest.

"Shit, Sammy. You're freezing." Dean, muttered, sliding out of his jacket without a moment's hesitation and wrapping it around the youngster " making him appear impossibly smaller.

The kid huddled into the coat as it swallowed his thin, shaking frame, and stared up at the older boy.

"B-but you already gave me your sweater, De. It's co-cold you need your coat." He argued hoarsely, coughing aggressively for a moment before clumsily attempting to detach himself from the added layer of clothing.

"Hey! Leave it, Sam. I'm fine."

Sam clearly disagreed, shaking his head adamantly back and forth, as he proceeded to struggle out of the large jacket.

"No. You are just in your shirt. You're cold. You shouldn't be cold. It's my fault you're sick. Don't want you to get sicker." Young Sam rambled on, still struggling to pull his uncoordinated limbs from the sleeves.

"Stop that!" Dean ordered, sounding nothing but parental as he swatted the boy's hands, halting his efforts to remove the leather jacket.

Sam released a pitiful huff before staring up miserably at his older brother, who was zipping the coat up as far as it could go, sufficiently fastening it around the young boy.

"I'm fine. You need to keep warm. You are the sick one, not me." The teen reasoned.

I almost laughed out loud at the expression that fell upon the child's face. It reassembled quite perfectly the look my wife would level me with when she was pissed at me for something.

"Even if I was sick - which I'm not - but if I was, it wouldn't be your fault, Sam."

"Yes it would, cause I got sick first and I gave it to you." The kid pointed out, his eyes filling up with moisture.

"Hey, now. Enough of that." Dean instructed, using his thumb to wipe away the few tears that had escaped. His tone surprised me, it was firm but gentle; authoritative, but seeping with love, like that of a mother.

"Sorry." Little Sam whispered, his head hanging in shame. It was apparent to me that the child was not often as emotional as he was currently being.

My attention switched to Dean. The teenager frowned at the apology, appearing to think for a moment before he reached out, placing two fingers beneath his little brother's quivering chin and lifting it up until the reluctant hazel eyes met with the vibrant green ones.

"How did you get sick?"

The question seemed to perplex Sam as much as it did me, the kid's young face screwed up and he stared at his brother in complete confusion.

"You got sick because you spent every morning before school shovelling every damn driveway in the freakin neighbourhood, dude."

"We don't know that." Sam bickered between coughs.

"You were out in the freezing cold for hours every day, you got up so early that you didn't get enough sleep, and then you lost your coat at school and didn't fricken tell me, deciding to shovel _without _it instead."

I could tell that the two boys had already had a conversation about that particular matter, because Sam's face coloured â€" the pale complexion gaining a brighter shade for a moment â€" and he glanced away briefly.

"Why were you doing all that shovelling?" Dean's voice was so impossibly soft, as was the gaze he trained on the younger boy.

I could tell he already knew the answer to his question, but for some reason wanted to hear it come from his brother.

"Cause I was saving money." Sam all but whispered.

"For what?" Dean prompted, a small smile pulling at his lips.

"For your birthday present." The boy mumbled.

"For my kick-ass, Metallica t-shirt and a new Zeppelin tape for my collection." The older brother stated, beaming with glee, as well as, a mixture of pride and gratitude.

A shy smile graced Sam's tired features, and enabled me to see his weary eyes come alive for a moment, while dimples imprinted his cheeks.

"So really, you getting sick is my fault, because if I hadn't had a birthday, you wouldn't have gotten yourself sick trying to buy me a present."

Sam's smile faded and he glared at his brother, completely unimpressed.

"Hey, man. Don't look at me, it's your messed up logic we are working with here." The teen mocked.

Sam rolled his eyes so dramatically, I caught myself almost smiling at the sight.

I was waiting for the disapproving retort, but before he could continue with the argument, the kid was overcome with another coughing fit that stole away any reply he had planned, as well as his breath.

All amusement dissipated immediately from Dean's expression, his face exhibiting concern, as he began patting and rubbing the child's thin back and chest.

"Take it easy, buddy. I've got you. Just try and breathe, Sam." The older boy encouraged, his voice calm and soothing, even though I

could see the agony on his face.

He was hurting for his little brother, the child wheezing, hacking, and shaking in his arms.

I could understand why, hell, I wasn't even related to the Sam-kid, and I was cringing at the wretched sounds coming from him and the level of illness tormenting his tiny frame.

After the fit finally subsided, Sam was leaning up against his brother, head resting back on the older boy's shoulder as he clenched Dean's black t-shirt with one hand, his other fingers were gripping a small brass charm that draped on a black string around the teen's neck.

"That's my boy, just breathe nice and easy." Dean praised, his head angling to the side so he could get a look at the kid's face.

"You okay?" Dean inquired in a whisper.

"Just tired." Sam croaked.

I winced in time with Dean in response to Sam's voice, sounding impossibly more destroyed than it had just a short moment before.

"Let's get you back to the car." The young man declared, beginning to stand from his crouched position, but stopping at Sam's request.

"Wait. Thought you might need this." The boy rasped, tugging something from the pocket of his over-sized sweatpants.

I squinted across the space to where the boys were huddled. My eyesight was not what it used to be, but I was able to spot a few crumpled bills being held out in the small, trembling hand.

"No way dude, you worked your ass off for that money. You keep it." Dean proclaimed, nudging the offering away.

"It's okay. It's just left over from your present. I don't need it for anything. You always spend your money on me. Let me help." Sam declared, barely able to get the argument out, his voice cracking more with each word.

"No, you keep it. I'm not taking it." The teen insisted, curling Sam's thin fingers around the bills. "And you need to stop talking dude, because you sound like shit." He added.

"De." Sam sighed in protest, not physically able to offer up more of a disagreement.

"I don't need it. We're good. So, you keep it."

The younger boy reluctantly slid the money back into his pocket, his energy diminished as he slumped more heavily into his brother.

Dean took the added weight like it was nothing, hooking his arms around the small kid and lifting him up with him as he stood.

Sam made no protest, his legs locking around the teen's waste, his arms grasping loosely around Dean's neck, and his head turning further into the broad shoulder.

"You help a lot, okay? Way too fucking much. Just let me take care of you, now." Dean spoke softly, his face turned towards Sam's, his words only for the child he was holding.

"You always take care of me." The young boy stated in a gravelly whisper.

I watched as this time the older brother's eyes were the ones to fill up, the teenager appearing to be so overcome by something; it wasn't frustration, grief, or responsibility, it was love. The kind of love that is all-encompassing and unlimited. The fierce love that is always present, but makes itself known every now and then; hitting you like a tidal wave, stealing your breath and filling your body, until you feel as though you just might burst.

It was the same kind of love my wife and I had for our son. It was the kind of love that didn't disappear or fade in the slightest, not even after his death. He had died in a car wreck, shortly after his sixteenth birthday, but I could still remember all the times I had held him in my arms; and as I watched Dean holding little Sam, I knew it was the same feeling. I knew the look he had on his face now was the same one I'd worn whenever I had held my little boy in my grasp.

Fierce protection.

Overwhelming gratefulness.

Unending adoration.

And all-consuming, unconditional love.

I did my best to blink the mist from my gaze as I watched Dean's hand press against the back of his little brother's head, entangling in the long brown hair.

"Damn straight, Sammy. And I always will." He promised, his voice hushed but confident as he spoke directly into the younger boy's ear.

I looked away, feeling odd for intruding on such a vulnerable moment.

I waited until I could tell the young man had returned to the counter, before looking up from the newspaper I was pretending to read.

Dean was holding his little brother so protectively in his arms, I felt as though even glancing at the child would not be permitted. Therefore, kept my eyes on the teenager who was watching me intently.

"Just these?" I double checked, gesturing toward every item, except for the sweater.

Dean nodded.

I extracted the price of the clothing from the bill.

"Seventeen dollars, and sixty-three cents." I recited.

The teen nodded again, holding onto his brother with one arm, as he dug out the money from his pocket, swiftly separating the bills he required and dropping them onto the counter.

"You from around here?" I asked.

"No, just driving through."

"There's a half-decent hotel a couple blocks over, if you are looking for somewhere to spend the night." I mentioned as I opened the register.

Dean made no comment, but shook his head, looking regretfully down at the few dollars he had left, before shoving them back into his pocket.

I guess I should have figured that if the kid couldn't afford a damn sweater, then a hotel was obviously out of the question.

"If you want to get some shuteye before you hit the road, you can pull around back and park there for the rest of the night. No one would bother you." I offered, not being able to ignore how completely exhausted both boys were, not to mention entirely unwell.

The look I received was almost grateful, but more like polite acknowledgement.

"Thanks, but uhh, it's better to keep the car running, keep the heat on, that way he stays warm." The teenager stated matter-of-factly.

I found it difficult to comprehend how any teenager could be that selfless. This kid didn't even care how tired he was, or how sick, or how cold, he was putting his little brother first and he was showing no sign at all that it placed any level of strain on him.

I began bagging the groceries, knowing that the young man had originally stated he wouldn't be needing a bag, but seeing as how he now had a child in his arms, I assumed it would be necessary.

I placed all the items in a bag, but my eyes locked on that damn sweater.

I thought of my wife.

Thought of her obsessive need to always order sweaters in the even that anyone was cold.

I thought of our son, and how teenage boys around his age had always had a strange place in my wife's heart, no matter how rough they were around the edges or how unlike Joshua they may have been.

I thought of her being here with me, and how her heart would have absolutely melted at the brotherly display I had just witnessed.

I smiled softly, because I knew the woman would probably have tried

adopting them if she could have.

I heard her voice in my head, telling me to stop being such a stingy, grouchy old man, telling me to have some compassion.

The woman had been everything good in me, and when she died I felt as though everything decent and kind and been ripped from my very being, but perhaps there was still a small part of her alive inside of me, and inside of this dumb store, and inside of every one of those damn sweaters.

I reached out and grabbed the seemingly simple piece of clothing, placing it into the bag.

I looked up and saw the confusion on the older boy's face.

"I can'tâ€"

I cut him off with a shake of my head, both because neither of us knew what to say, and because I could tell that Dean didn't want to alert his little brother to the harsh reality of their financial situation; although, I had a strong feeling that the kid comprehended a whole lot more than he let on to.

I held the bag out to the teenager, who still seemed unsure, but a single glance at the nearly-sleeping child in his arms appeared to make up his mind for him.

He took the bag with a nod.

"Thank you." He croaked, if his voice hadn't been so grating, it would have sounded casual, but I could clearly spot the appreciative glimmer in his eyes.

"No problem." I grumbled with a shrug, ignoring my wife's voice in my head whispering the same thing she had told me a hundred times before, '_you are a silly old man to think you can fool the world into believing that you don't have a heart.' _

The younger boy released another painful sounding cough, before cracking open his eyes and tilting his head against his brother's neck so that he could train those dough-eyes of his on me.

"Thank you." He rasped, his dimples making a brief reappearance.

I wasn't sure if he knew what had transpired, or he was just being polite, but I found my lips being tugged up into an unintentional smile.

"You take care of yourself now, you hear?"

The child nodded tiredly, pressing his forehead up against the side of his brother's neck.

"We take care of each other." He declared hoarsely, giving me a serious look before closing his eyes and practically nuzzling into his big brother.

The older boy â€" Dean â€" rolled his eyes with a smirk at the statement, but one could not miss the fondness pouring from the green

eyes, or the way he held the kid impossibly closer.

I did not doubt the younger boy's proclamation in the least.

I could see how Dean so effortlessly placed his brother's needs so very far above his own and, in requite, it was so plainly obvious how intensely Sam returned his brother's consideration and adoration.

I received another appreciative nod from the older boy before he turned away and headed towards the door.

"Should put your coat on before we go outside."

I heard little Sam mutter, as he began shifting in his brother's arms.

"Nah, dude. We'll only be out there for a minute. You keep it." Dean said, placing his hand up against the back of the shaggy head and dragging his fingers through the brown hair, efficiently stilling the child.

I observed as Dean stalled in front of the door, taking a moment to pull the jacket's collar up around his brother, nudging the younger boy's face down against his collarbone, for the purpose of sheltering him from the rain they were soon to encounter.

Sam brought a leather-clad arm up and placed it against his brother's forehead, creating a visor, likely an attempt to keep as much moisture as possible off of Dean's face.

The small moment seemed to be an accurate depiction of their relationship as a whole.

I watched Dean rush out to the car, keeping his brother tucked against his chest as he moved toward the vehicle.

It was raining and visibility was limited, but I could see well enough to watch as the teen made his way to the driver's side door, pulling it open and leaning in, unloading his brother on the front seat and waiting patiently as the kid scrambled over to give him room to drop down behind the wheel.

The door closed shortly after, sufficiently shutting the brother's away from me and the rest of the world.

I couldn't help but feel moved by the interactions I had witnessed between the two.

It had been so long since I had been able to hold someone I loved, but just watching those brothers made me feel as though that love was not such a distant memory.

I could feel the love I had for my family coursing through my veins, and I knew it would give me the strength I needed to make it through the rest of my night, and maybe even the rest of my years.

I spend many of night wondering about those boys.

Wondering where they were headed and where they were coming from.

Wondering if they were able to keep warm and get well.

Wondering if there was someone who took care of them, or if they truly only had each other.

Wondering what became of them.

Something I never wondered about, was if they were loved.

Because I was certain that the love those two brothers had for one another was as real as the rain that had fallen from the sky that night.

I knew, from experience, that it was a love that would never fade.

It was a fiercely protective love.

It was a selfless love.

It was an unconditional love.

It was a love that would get them through bad weather, horrible illnesses, egregious misfortunes, financial depletion, and miserable nights.

It was a love that would get them through _anything_.

Of that, I was certain.

****The End****

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><p>Note: I know, another outsider POV fic, I don't know why, it just happened. Had a difficult typing this one out with a broken finger, so I really hope that somebody likes it :s Thanks for reading! Please leave a review or a comment if you can! - Sam<p>

End
file.